

Movement Songbook

**SONGS OF SOCIALISM, LABOR,
WOMEN, CIVIL RIGHTS, PEACE**



Democratic
Socialist
Organizing
Committee

BANKS OF MARBLE

- Les Rice

I've travelled around this country, from shore to
shining shore;
It really made me wonder, the things I heard and saw,
I saw the weary farmer plowing sod and loam,
I saw the auction hammer knocking down his home.

Chorus:

But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer (seaman, miner, mother, etc.)
sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing idly by the shore,
I heard the bosses saying, "Got no work for you no more."

I saw the weary miner scrubbing coal dust from his
back,
I heard his children crying, "Got no coal to heat the
shack."

I've seen my brothers working throughout this mighty
land,
I prayed we'd get together, and together make a stand.

Chorus:

Then we'd own those banks of marble, with a guard at
every door,
And we'd share those vaults of silver, that the workers
sweated for.

New verses:

- Robin Kaufman

I saw my mother working, from dawn to setting sun,
I heard her softly saying, woman's work is never done.

I saw clothing workers starving on fifty cents an hour
That's all the boss would pay them, because they had no
power.

I saw my sister typing, feeling so tired,
I heard her boss come saying, "Hurry up, or you'll be
fired."

I was at the supermarket (my women's meeting, the ped-
iatrician), some people came along,
"Come join us in the struggle, together we'll be strong."

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM

Why don't you work, like other men do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to
do?

Chorus:

Hallelujah, I'm a bum; hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah, give us a handout, to revive us again.

Oh, I love my boss, and my boss loves me,
And that is the reason that I'm so hungry.

When springtime does come, oh, won't we have fun?
We'll give up our jobs and we'll go on the bum.

Oh, why don't you save the money you earn?
If I didn't eat I'd have money to burn!

Oh, I love my boss, he's a good friend of mine,
That's why I am starving out on the bread line.

SOUP SONG

- Maurice Sugar

I'm spending my nights in the flop house,
I'm spending my days on the street,
I'm looking for work but I find none,
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus:

Soup, soup, they gave a bowl of soup, soup, soup,
Soup, soup, they gave a bowl of soup.

I spent twenty years in the factory,
I did everything I was told.
They said I was loyal and faithful,
Now even before I am old.

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker,
To buy me a car and a yacht.
I went down to draw out my money
And this is the answer I got.

I thought that my country would help me,
I went out to bleed and to die,
I fought in the war for my country,
But this was my country's reply: